

The Literary Journal,

A REPOSITORY OF POLITE LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Published simultaneously in the cities of Albany Troy and Schenectady.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1835.

[No. 11]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE RETURN.

From scenes of mirth and revelry, a youth came home to die—
The hectic flush was on his cheek—its brightness in his eye ;
And on his pale and fluttering lip the unfinished sentence died,
As he stood once more, with aching heart, his native home beside.

That youth had been a wanderer in far and foreign climes,
And learned to love and mingle in their follies and their crimes,
Till his energies were wasted, and he drew his breath in pain ;
Then the feelings of his boyish years came o'er his heart again.

His spirit yearned for kindred, and he sighed once more to view
The spot beneath whose sunny skies his first young breath he drew—
He thought of those who dwelt in peace amid his native bowers,
Whose voices mingled with his own in childhood's frolic hours—

He thought of the sweet sister who had shared his sports with glee,
Or lisped with him the evening prayer beside his mother's knee ;
He longed to pluck the sweet wild-flowers in those dewy glades that grow,
And breathe once more the blessed air that o'er the hill tops blew—

To wander forth in starlight, and list the sullen moan
Of ocean in his loneliness for ever rolling on :
So he turned his footsteps homeward—he could not brook to die
With none to bathe his burning brow, or close his swimming eye.

Oh, bitter—bitter were the thoughts that in his bosom burned,
As loved ones came, with outstretched arms, to welcome the returned—
And he turned away in agony to hide his gushing tears,
As memory woke the sinless thoughts of youth's unsullied years.

Oh, check them not, thou dying one, though born of guilt and woe,
Those blessed drops will purify the heart from which they flow—
A spirit humbled in the dust is God's best sacrifice—
A broken, crushed and contrite heart the Lord will not despise.

So felt that young redeemed one, as on his icy brow
The living light of holiness sat with triumphant glow,
A light which left its impress upon the sleeping clay,
When the golden bowl was broken, and the spirit pass'd away!

East Hampton, L. I.

ORIGINAL TALES.

The Heiress.

Continued.

Oh, the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close ;
As the sun-flower turns on his god when he sets,
The same look that he turned when he rose.

Moore.

EARLY one fine morning I received a note from Emily Grey, stating that she would come, accompanied by her cousin Lockwood, and pass a few hours with me, to cheer my loneliness during the absence of my guardian and friend. Putting on my gipsy hat and taking my flower basket, I ran down into the garden, to gather the sweetest, fairest blossoms to decorate my rooms. The basket filled, I sat it down, and leaving the parterre, strolled along the banks of the river, gathering wild flowers that grew there so luxuriantly. Pursuing a narrow, winding path down a steep declivity, I arrived at the centre of a broad, deep glen. On each side, massive rocks were piled above each other, and the wild eglantine and woodbine sprang from their jagged crevices, and climbing over rock and shrub, seemed one vast curtain of leaves and flowers. The sweet-brier and the dog-rose flourished at their base. A rivulet of lucid water dashed from the rocks above and was received into a basin floored with shining pebbles, from which it flowed on to the river, murmuring sweet music to the woods and wilds. Its glassy edge was fringed with golden moss, over which the wild myrtle crept silently, clasping the fragrant lily in its gentle folds, beneath whose tremulous shade the fairy-slipper* blossomed upon its leafless stalk. Oh, I could almost have deemed that the lovely naiads bound them with threads of silver upon their snowy feet to trip the airy dance when the gentle moonlight rested on flower and stream.

The sun looked tremulously through the deep foliage, and, smiling, drank the dew drops from the blushing flowers. "This is Nature's sanctuary!" said I, as I stood entranced by the romantic beauty of the scene. Ascending the opposite declivity, I stood upon a moss-covered rock that overhung the river, shaded by olden trees interwoven with witch-elm and hemlock.—Near the bank was a large basin where

*The lady's slipper, or whippoorwill's shoe, is a beautiful flower, having three leaves, of a pale rose color, spotted with crimson. It is found only in damp or shaded spots.

the waters rested calm and still, and upon whose surface the trees cast a deep shadow—beyond, they whirled in eddies and dashed against the rocks imbedded in the sand. Oh, what a place was that!—even Sappho might have looked from the dizzy height with sensations of joy. My brain reeled, and I turned my eyes from that scene of solemn and awful grandeur. Close by my side grew a beautiful eglantine. It was in full bloom. With my scissors I cut the main stalk and succeeded in taking it gently from the shrub to which it clung. Its highest and most beautiful branch still hung upon a bough of the witch-elm, and could be easily removed. With outstretched arms I grasped and gently disengaged it, but the moment it gave way I lost my equilibrium and plunged into the gulf below. I rose to the surface, but was again sinking, when a strong hand grasped me, and raising me above the water, drew me to the shore, when I instantly fainted. How long I remained insensible I cannot tell, but when I awoke to life and reason, the same arm that saved supported me still, and my head rested upon the bosom of my preserver. I raised my eyes, and they met those of Lockwood, beaming with light, and joy, and love—and when I strove to express my gratitude, he smiled and laid his finger upon my lips. To my eager inquiry where he was when I fell from the overhanging precipice, he replied, that he had strolled along the river's bank, and descending to the water's edge, stood listening to the mingled melody of bird and stream, when he was startled by the noise of something falling, and instantly saw me buried in the dark gulf.

I wished to return home, but was faint and weak. "Fear not, love," whispered Lockwood, and raising me in his arms, he carried me up the steep bank and descended into the glen. There we paused.

"This," said he, "is the fairy dell, and the fairest of earth's daughters visit it.—When the moon sheds her soft light thro' the parted foliage of the trees, one might fancy Titania and the Fluviales* tripping the light dance over this velvet floor."

"Oh, how I would love to join them, and dance in the fairy circle to the music of a fairy lute, with my light drapery woven of leaves and flowers. But at present I am inclined to think Peasonia† holds her court

*River nymphs.

†A goddess of wearied persons.

in this lovely spot, for I am weary, weary. Let us proceed, Lockwood—the air grows chill.”

In a moment I was borne up the steep ascent, and, leaning on his arm for support, walked home. Free love was alarmed when she saw me; and my kind preserver, leaving me in her care, departed, first asking permission to call again.

Each succeeding day I saw him. Our mornings were spent in walking among the hills and along the brooks, shaking the dew from the blushing flowers, and drinking their rich fragrance—and in the evening we sauntered along the garden walks, or sat in my alcove, and talked, and sang, and laughed. Oh, we were happy then—happy ever when with each other.

The soft hues of twilight were just blending with the thick gloom of night, as we strolled along the bank of the river, pursuing the winding path that led to the fairy dell. Lockwood was a southerner, and had seen my mother often. Oh! how much dearer was he to me when I knew that he had looked upon her sweet face.

Seated on the moss-covered rocks that were ranged along one side of the dell, we conversed for a long time in low whispers, for we would not disturb the deep quietude that reigned around.

“Fondly as you love that mother,” said he, “I am surprised that you should be separated from her.”

Brief was my explanation of the cause. The memory of that loved one awakened, again I sighed for her presence—my heart yearned to rest again upon that affectionate bosom—to be once more the joyous and happy child, living only in the light of that mother’s love. My spirit fluttered to be free as the wild bird, but then

“The fetters clanked within my soul,”

and in bitterness of spirit I thought upon my bondage. And as I thought, I wept, and smote on my forehead to banish recollection. Astonished, amazed, Lockwood inquired the cause of my agony.—His tender solicitude softened my heart. I leaned my head upon my hand and wept. Gently twining one arm around me, and drawing me closer to his side, he again entreated me to tell him the cause of my deep sorrow.

Without hesitancy, without reserve, I told him all. I told him that I had sworn to be Hartland’s—that nothing but death should part us. Those vows were heard in heaven, and registered by the recording angel. “But,” I continued, “long since I ceased to love the man who, to secure me, bound me to him when I scarcely knew the import of my words, by vows which must be inviolable. Lost to all hopes of earthly happiness, from this moment I will strive to resign myself to a fate which I cannot avoid. I will weep no more, for tears are vain.”

I ceased, and Lockwood turned upon me

a look of deep and silent agony; then averted his face and pressed his brow with both his hands. He trembled as with strong emotion. None but those who have felt the influence of human sympathy can judge correctly of my feelings at that moment.—Tenderly I spoke to him, and with feelings in which was mingled more of joy than I had for a long time known, I thanked him most fervently for the interest he evinced in my fate; and yet I could but weep that I had pained him with a recital of my own sufferings. Again he looked upon me earnestly, and a melancholy smile just curled his lip. It faded as he spoke:

“Adelia,—loveliest one,—my heart is crushed and bleeding. I had hoped to win your love—a fond return for mine; for I love you as I may never hope to love another.”

“Cease, dear Lockwood; this I must not hear. From this hour think of me only as the bride of another. Farewell.”

I rose to leave him.

“Stay one moment, but one moment, Adelia, if there is aught of kindness in your soul.”

I hesitated. He took my hand and begged that I would be seated.

“First promise,” said I, “that you will not repeat the declaration I have just heard.”

He promised, and I complied with his urgent request. Several moments elapsed and neither spoke. Lockwood sat with his head resting on his hand, and seemed wrapt in his own gloomy thoughts. A low, deep sigh struggled from his pale lips, and smote upon my heart. I would have given worlds to be able to console him—to know and mitigate his grief. I would not believe it was his disappointed love for me alone that tortured his soul with agony. No—no—it was something more—something untold—buried deep in his bosom.

The night was dark and drear. Dense clouds were piled far above the horizon, and neither moon nor stars looked down upon the gloomy scene. Again Lockwood sighed heavily. I had summoned resolution to ask the cause. Low and kindly I spoke—but at that instant the sound of mingled voices was wafted to us on the night wind. Lockwood laid his hand upon my arm.

“Hush! speak not for the love of heaven!” he whispered.

Footsteps approached, but in the thick darkness nothing was visible. Within a few yards of us they paused.

“Come, rest your head on my bosom, dearest Emily. Though we may not longer love as we have loved, still will we be dear. True, another less gifted and beautiful will soon claim me as hers—yet shall my highest, holiest, richest thoughts be yours.”

Instantly I recognized the voice of Hartland. What were my feelings when I heard that declaration! Low, convulsive sobs were distinctly audible.

“Do not weep, my gentlest, loveliest one,” continued Hartland; “let my kindness and the remembrance of my love make you happy. Bound by vows which an honorable attachment first elicited, I have nothing more to offer.”

“Do you wish those vows dissolved, dear Alcanor?” murmured Emily.

“Ask me not.”

A convulsive sob burst from the bosom of the ill-fated girl.

“Must I at last relinquish you, dearest one! Oh, I have loved you, deeply, vainly! But the fault was mine! I knew you were to be hers—and yet I wound the tendril of my heart around you. They must be torn off, though that heart will be left broken and withered. Oh, I have loved you, Alcanor, as she, your betrothed, never can. Such love, so pure, so holy—the richest offering of a young and guileless heart—may never be poured out to you again.—But it must perish—and I—shall soon rest quietly. Will you not think of me sometimes, and come and sit by me, and listen to the breeze as it sighs through the willows that wave above my grave?”

Tender and sad was the reply, yet so low as not to be heard by us.

“Let us go, my Alcanor, from this loved spot—it is now dark and drear. The remembrance of the blissful hours passed here with you, hours which are gone for ever, saddens my weary soul. The brightness of the past but renders the darkness of the future more fearfully distinct. My heart sickens—my brain whirls—oh, let me bathe my burning brow in yon dark stream.”

They rose and walked away. I bent forward and listened until the last sound of their footsteps died in the distance. Then the remembrance of all my sorrows long borne in silence and unshared, with the deception that Hartland had practiced upon me, came rushing like a sweeping simoon upon my wronged and desolated heart. I rose firmly, and fixed in my purpose.

“I have heard that which sets me free—which absolves me for ever from my cruel bondage—and here on this spot I swear, never to be the bride of Alcanor Hartland!”

Lockwood rose and took my clasped hands in his.

“Adelia Harvard—is it from your lips that I hear this?”

“It is—and as often as the remembrance of this scene comes before me, my solemn oath shall be renewed.”

“Permit me to persuade you to return with me to the south, and remain with your mother. I shall be happy indeed to have you near me.”

“Gladly, most gladly would I go—but it cannot be. Speak of it no more, it makes me sad to think that I cannot.” Then turning from him, I walked toward home. He followed, and taking my hand—

“Surely, Adelia, you will not leave me,” he said.

“It is late,” I replied, “let us return.”

Neither spoke until we had nearly reached home. Silence was at length broken by Lockwood.

"I had something to say to you, Adelia, but it was explained, before I had time, by those of whom I would have spoken."

"And had you a knowledge of their attachment?"

"I had, but was not aware of its strength—but, Adelia, for the present let the secret remain locked in your own bosom. Let neither know by word or look of yours that you are in the least aware of it."

Pausing near my uncle's mansion, I bade him leave me. He bent down and pressed his lips to my brow.

"Then adieu for a brief while, but first receive my best wishes for your happiness, and my fervent blessing."

Thus we parted. The next morning I met Hartland as I walked in the garden. He seemed purposely to avoid me, and moved about slowly and in moody silence.

"Perhaps he is thinking of his lovely Emily, and of me as of some vile wretch who has ensnared him," I said mentally. As such thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, it was with difficulty that I restrained myself from telling him at once that he was free—that I absolved him from his engagement to me. I struggled a moment for the mastery of those feelings, for the time had not yet come for such disclosure. Suddenly aroused from his reverie, he approached. A bright smile lit up his naturally mild countenance as he addressed me.

"Dearest," said he, "I am happy to see you again—but this coldness in you seems unkind. I have been absent a long time, Adelia. How I longed to see you last night—whither, dearest, had you gone?"

This was too much for me, and covering my face with my hands, I burst into tears. Surprised, he entreated to know why I wept. I was unable to tell him. Had he not referred to the preceding night, I might have borne it—but after what I had heard, his words seemed but the continuation of insult and injury. To all his entreaties that I would look up and smile again, and love him as I did when but a thoughtless child, I was deaf. I left him with a wronged and wounded heart, and sought the solitude of my own chamber.

It was a long time ere we seemed reconciled to each other. If he was unhappy, he had made himself so, and was but rewarded for his own perfidy. Did he feel that he had lost my affection? It was but just that he should. He had neglected me cruelly, even when I loved him—for I did love him once. But I was young, and affection had not taken so deep root in my heart but that it might be eradicated. Oh, had he cherished me tenderly, how might I have loved him! Then a broken vow had not been upon my life a burning and a withering curse. But I scorned to be the

plaything of an hour, thrown aside when he was weary of me.

Miriam, I weary you—let me stop here—let the lifted veil fall again."

"Nay, kind sister, go on—let me know all."

"But I have wearied you. I should have passed rapidly over many circumstances upon which I have lingered. Now I will be brief.

Lockwood was to leave in a few days. Emily's health had been declining rapidly for some time, and her friends and physician advised an immediate change of climate. Reluctantly she acceded to their proposal to accompany her cousin to the south.—The evening previous to her departure, I went with Hartland to see her. She looked as if her heart were breaking. When she spoke of her journey and the pleasure she anticipated, she smiled—but it was a bitter smile. I parted from her with an aching heart, for I felt that I should see her no more—so fated is misplaced affection to bring an early desolation over the heart of the gifted and the beautiful!

Lockwood attended me home, and Hartland remained with Emily. It was a night of surpassing loveliness. We sat in our sweet bower, interwoven with shrubs and flowers, and the silvery moonlight floated upon the rustling vines as they trembled in the night breeze. Oh, those were hours of bliss! Few and sweet were the words then spoken—there was a spell woven around us which we could not wish to break.

"Your miniature, my dear betrothed—I will wear it upon my heart until I come to claim the original. I will then give it to my mother, for surely she will want the picture of my bride ever before her."

I took off from my neck a rich gold chain which secured the miniature in my girdle.

"Take it, dear Lockwood, as a token of the affectionate regard of the original. But recollect I am not your betrothed."

He pressed it to his lips with a look of unutterable tenderness. "But you will be," said he, as he placed my first gift in his bosom.

"Never."

"And why not?"

"Need I explain?"

"Do."

"While you retain my affection, such promise were needless. Should I cease to love you, by me it would be disregarded—for I hold no promise binding when the heart revolts at its fulfilment."

"A dangerous principle, beloved."

"I will not argue the point with you now—another time—"

My hand was held in his—he pressed it tenderly, and repeated:

"Another time—and when, my love?"

Neck, cheek and brow were instantly suffused with blushes, as I recollected that we were not to meet again until he came to take me to his own happy home as his

blessed bride. Again he repeated the question with even more tenderness.

"Ask me not to explain that," I said.

"No, my love, it is mutually understood."

"Adieu, dear George, I must leave you,"

I said, rising from my seat. My hand was still held in his, and he pressed it to his lips.

"Not now, Adelia, not so soon."

"It is past midnight."

"No matter—it is the last time we shall ever sit together in this dear spot."

I hesitated—my resolution failed. Again I was sitting by his side, lingering in the light of his blessed smile, and listening to the sweet tones of his manly voice.

Hours wheeled rapidly away. Surprised I saw the bright blush of morning flash across the eastern horizon. Then I entreated him to go.

"Nay, dearest, I cannot yet."

"Think of the hour—my honor—the result of a discovery. I am watched by an odious gipsy—witch, she calls herself.—Should she see me here with you—Oh, Lockwood, do not hesitate!—go instantly—go if you love me!" and with my hand I motioned him away.

"One last, one sad farewell!" he said, throwing his arms wildly around me.

"Now say that you love me, Adelia."

"I do."

"And will?"

"As long as I have life."

"Adieu, my Adelia—my own girl."

"Till we meet again."

I raised my hand to my eyes, and pressed down their lids that I might see him no more. I listened until the last sound of his receding footsteps was lost in the distance; then I raised my eyes, but he was beyond my sight. I wept. For the first time in life I felt my utter loneliness. Lockwood had indeed gone—the star that had cheered me in my dark and lonely wanderings, had set. I was alone. Leaning back against the trellis, I closed my eyes to call up before me the blessed visions of the past.

"Pale watcher at the shrine of love!—what dreamest thou? Of the future? Ha! ha! ha! I saw the glorious sun look out from the window of Heaven, and the green earth was glad in his smile. A dark cloud came rushing on, and the radiance was not. It hung gloomily over the shadowed earth, even as the sable pall hangeth over the lifeless monarch."

I sprang from my seat. Vituria the prophetess stood before me.

"What would'st thou say, Vituria?" I asked.

"That I have read thy destiny—that it shall be thus with thee."

"Away! thou mocker, and see me no more."

"Nay, fair creature—I'll follow thee through life, and be thy guardian spirit—will shield thee, and save thee from evil. Be thou my child, and when the loud winds roar and the awful thunder cleaves the hea-

vens, I'll hush thee in my bosom. Ay, I did curse thee in my wrath—but when I knew thee wronged, bitterly did I repent it. I wept upon the cold blue stone where is kept my dark record, and washed it out."

"You knew me wronged?"

"Even so. Where is he of the restless eye and the keen searching glance, whom thou hast sworn to love? The dark-eyed one has wept upon his bosom, and his vows of eternal love and truth mingled with her sighs. I looked through the curtain-fold—I saw—I heard—and I reveal to thee."

"And I thank you for nought but your wish to serve me."

"Child, dost thou love that man?..... Ha! dost thou scorn to answer me? Oh, bitter—bitter has been the scorn that I, poor wretch, have borne! What thou now art, I once was. I loved—Oh, how madly!—Scorned—neglected—abandoned—Reason tottered upon her broken throne, my desolate heart! I have been mad—but am not now. Reason dawned upon my soul, and I awoke to woe! Like a bowed pine, blasted in its green beauty—scathed by the lightning's touch, I stand—withered, yet not dead—broken—deserted—yet pitied not. Thoughts of the past are ever with me—bitter and burning thoughts—and there were passions unbridled—and deeds which none shall know—and crime—and vengeance—and remorse—and despair! Dost the dead visit the earth again? Is there no spell of sufficient potency to lay the demon of remorse? He giveth me no rest—he gnaweth ever at my vitals! Unappeased—unappeasable—he will follow me to my grave—he will torment me beyond.—That faint and wailing cry—that feeble struggle for life—the splash—the gurgle—Oh God! and I yet live! The memory of that scene grows clear, and through this wretched bosom for ever flows a stream of liquid fire! Child of innocence and joy!—I leave thee to thine own bright thoughts. To the dark wood I go, where neither light nor sound shall reach me—but in the blackness of midnight will I come to this spot, and tell my woes to the wizard winds."

Wildly she wrung her clasped hands—then flung her arms around her in madness, and vanished from my presence.

Returning from breakfast the next morning, I met Hartland. To my accustomed "good morn," he made no reply. His haggard looks startled and gave me pain.

"Hartland," I said kindly, "you look extremely ill."

"Go away, girl," was his only reply.

That went like a dagger to my heart. It was cold, freezing indifference in return for tender solicitude. True, I did not love him, but I would have cherished his friendship. I passed on to the drawing room, and from that moment studied to avoid him. I wrote not unfrequently to Emily Grey, and though my letters were never answered, I cherished for her none but the most

kindly feelings. From my dear Lockwood I often received letters, bearing the testimonials of his affection, and I was comparatively happy.

Hartland gradually became tranquil, and at length seemed to forget that he had ever loved any one but me. He sought my society continually, and his tenderness and devotedness made me miserable. I could not return it, for I scorned to act the deceiver, and the time had not yet come when I had resolved to disclose my sentiments.—Days and months wore heavily away— anxiously I watched the lazy, lagging foot of time as it dragged slowly onward. A circumstance transpired which aroused me to life and action. Sitting one night in my solitary room, gazing listlessly upon the images which fancy had conjured up before me, I was interrupted in my reverie by a summons from my guardian to attend him in the library. Obeying, I found him alone. He handed me a scroll, requesting me to read and sign it immediately. I cast my eyes over it hastily. It was a marriage contract—at its fulfilment Hartland would be in possession of my splendid fortune.—Throwing it down, I turned away in scorn.

"You are surprised," he said, "I hope agreeably so. What I have done is to promote the happiness of you both."

I did not reply until I was firm and collected.

"Not wishing to undervalue your kind interest for me, still I must say you have acted injudiciously."

"But here is a letter from your mother," he replied. "I wrote to her, stating all the circumstances, and she coincides with my wish and proposal—the marriage takes place immediately."

"My mother, sir, has been grossly deceived, and I not only disapprove of these arrangements, made without my knowledge, but shall utterly disregard them."

"You recollect your engagement to my nephew?"

"I do."

"And you will fulfil it?"

"Not at present."

"Your reasons, Miss."

"I am not yet sixteen. The time appointed from the first will not have expired in less than two years, and until then, be assured sir, I shall neither be persuaded nor forced to a compliance."

"My child, do you not know that you are at my sole disposal, made so by your departed father's testament?"

"Show it to me, sir."

He did so, and I read:

"To the care of Edward Goodwin, Judge of — Court, I leave Adelia Harvard, my only child, to govern and direct, with her mother's approbation, according to his discretion, until she shall have arrived at the age of eighteen—feeling that a person of such excellent qualities can provide better for her future happiness than the child for herself, if left to her own will, her charac-

ter unformed and her judgement necessarily immature."

"This, sir," said I, as I returned the document, "was evidently written in a moment of deep anxiety for my own happiness—the authority given you, intended to promote, not to destroy, that happiness.—And now, sir, be kind enough to remain silent on this subject for at least two months—meantime I will reflect upon it."

"Granted—but at the expiration of that time, be prepared to accede to our wishes. Now you may retire."

I immediately wrote to my mother, stating facts as they were, and my objections to becoming the wife of Hartland, no matter how far distant the day. In reply, she told me I was giving way to vanity and jealousy; feelings despicable in themselves, and when indulged, ruinous to the happiness of the heart wherein they found a home. She added, that of all men Hartland was the one whom she should select as a husband to her daughter, and that nothing would give her more pleasure than to see me united to him. In agony I laid down the letter, and burst into tears. I knew not how to act or what course to pursue.

Time swept slowly on—still I meditated. The unexpected return of Emily Grey brought me to a decision. She arrived in the evening. I went early the next morning to see her. She was extremely pale—her dark, glossy locks were parted smoothly upon her high brow, and her head rested mournfully upon her small, fair hand. She raised her eyes to return my greeting, while a melancholy smile played upon her pallid lips. Few and rapid were the words that told my mission. When it was accomplished, I rose, and was leaving the room. The astonished girl raised her hand beckoning me to stay, for she was unable to speak. Her request was unheeded, and I hastened home.

Passing on to the drawing room, I summoned my guardian and Hartland to attend me there. Seating myself at the piano I attempted to play to compose myself, but the loudness and confusion of the notes shocked me. I rose and walked to an open window, and the cool, fresh air of morning played sweetly around my burning brow. Reflecting upon what I was to say, I grew calm. I thought of Lockwood—then was I firm, determined. Footsteps advanced—again my heart fluttered. I pressed my hand hard upon it to still its tumultuous throbs. My guardian entered.

"You wish to speak to me?"

"I do, sir—pray be seated."

"And to Alcanor?"

"Yes."

At that moment he entered, accompanied by Horace Blake, for whom I had previously sent. The morning compliments passed, I requested to be heard.

"Gentlemen," I said, "you were summoned here by me, to hear my sentiments upon a subject which vitally interests my-

self and others—my anticipated marriage with Mr. Hartland. It is well known to you that I was affianced to him at an age when the sacredness of such a pledge could not be felt. Passing lightly over the advantage taken of my extreme youth to obtain that promise, I proceed to say, it is well known to me that I am to be his wife in name only—his soul is wedded to another!—But long before this fact came to my knowledge, I had ceased to love him. Circumstances like these should dissolve an engagement made as was ours—and from this moment, Mr. Hartland, you will consider yourself absolved from the vows you so recklessly made, so soon forgot—and here, in the presence of my guardian and this gentleman, I declare that I will never, never be your wife?"

Hartland rose and paced the room with rapid and irregular steps—one instant the hot blood burned in his cheek, the next he was pale with rage. Turning to Blake, he said:

"You, sir, will confer a favor by leaving us for the present."

"Mr. Blake came here in compliance with my request, and at my request he will be pleased to remain," was my firm reply.

Blake rose, and taking my hand he said: "My situation is certainly unpleasant, and unless my presence is absolutely necessary, I beg that you will excuse me."

"It is my wish that you remain."

He was again seated. Hartland turned on us a look of mingled scorn and rage—then rushed from the room. My guardian addressed me sternly:

"What wild freak is this, capricious girl?"

"I am not capricious, sir. I have merely announced my firm determination not to be the dupe of interest or of vanity."

"And who stirred up these ideas in your weak brain?"

"I long since learned more than I at present feel called upon to make known."

Mr. Goodwin rose and abruptly left the room. Blake lingered, and in his conversation I felt relieved from the painful anxiety and trepidation by which my mind had been tortured.

I embraced an early opportunity to write to Lockwood, relating all the circumstances that had transpired, and soon received his reply, in which he informed me of the arrangements he had made for the future.

(To be continued.)

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

The Deformed Girl.

By J. G. WHITTIER.

Memory—mysterious memory!—holy and blessed as a dream of Heaven to the pure in spirit—haunter and accuser of the guilty!—Unescapable presense!—lingering through every vicissitude, and calling us back to the past—back to the dim and sepulchred images of departed time—open-

ing anew the deep fountains of early passion—the loves and sympathies of boyhood—the thrilling aspirations of after years! While the present is dark with anguish, and the future gladdened by no sun-bow of anticipation, I invoke thy spell of power. Unroll before me the chart of vanished hours; let me gaze once more on their sunlight and shadow.

I am an old man. The friends of my youth are gone from me. Some have perished on the great deep; others on the battle-field, afar off in the land of strangers; and many—very many, have been gathered quietly to the old church-yard of our native village. They have left me alone—even as the last survivor of a fallen forest—the hoary representative of departed generations. The chains, which once bound me to existence, have been broken—Ambition, Avarice, Pride; even all that wakes into power the intolerable thirst of mind. But there are some milder thoughts—some brighter passages in the dream of my being, yet living at the fountain of memory—thoughts, pure and angelic communion; linked by a thousand tender associations to the Paradise of Love.

There was one—a creature of exalted intellect—a being; whose thoughts went upwards like the incense of flowers upon God's natural altars—they were so high and so unlike to earth. Yet was she not proud of her high gift. With the brightest capacities of an unbodied spirit, there was something more than woman's meekness in her demeanor. It was the condescension of seraph intellect—the forgiveness and the tears of conscious purity extended to the erring and passionate of Earth.

She was not a being to love with an earthly affection. Her person had no harmony with her mind. It bore no resemblance to those beautiful forms which glide before the eyes of romance in the shadowy world of dreams. It was not like the bright realities of being—the wealth of beauty which is sometimes concentrated in the matchless form of woman. It was Deformity—strange, peculiar Deformity, relieved only by the intellectual glory of a dark and soul-like eye.

Yet, strange as it may seem, I love her, deeply, passionately as the young heart can love when it pours itself out like an oblation to its idol. There were gentle and lovely ones around me—creatures of smiles and blushes; soft tones and melting glances. But their beauty made no lasting impression on my heart. Mine was an intellectual love—a yearning after something invisible and holy—something above the ordinary standard of human desire, set apart and sanctified, as it were, by the mysteries of mind.

Mine was not a love to be revealed in the thronged circle of gaiety and fashion—it was avowed underneath the bending heaven; when the perfect stars were alone

gazing upon us. It was rejected; but not in scorn, in pride, nor in anger, by that high-thoughted girl. She would ask my friendship—my sympathy; but she besought me—ay, with tears she besought me, to speak no more of Love. I obeyed her. I fled from her presence. I mingled once more in the busy tide of being, and ambition entered into my soul. Wealth came upon me unexpectedly; and the voice of praise became a familiar sound. I returned, at last with the impress of manhood on my brow, and sought again the being of my dreams.

She was dying. Consumption—pale, ghastly consumption had been taking away her hold on existence. The deformed and unfitting tenement was yielding to the impulses of the soul. Clasp her wasted hand, I bent over her in speechless agony. She raised her eyes to mine, and in those beautiful emblems of her soul, I read the hoarded affection of years—the long smothered emotion of a suffering heart—"Henry," she said, and I bent lower to catch the faltering tones of her sweet voice—"I have loved you long and fervently. I feel that I am dying. I rejoice at it.—Earth will cover this wasted and unseemly form, but the soul will return to that promised and better land, where no change or circumstance can mar the communion of spirit. Oh, Henry had it been permitted!—but I will not murmur. You were created with more than manhood's beauty; and I deformed—wretched as I am, have dared to love you!"

I knelt down and kissed the pale brow of the sufferer. A smile of more than earthly tenderness stole over her features, and fixed there, like an omen of the spirit's happiness. She was dead. And they buried her on the spot which she had herself selected—a delightful place of slumber, curtained by green, young willows. I have stood there a thousand times in the quiet moonlight, and fancied that I heard, in every breeze that whispered among the branches, the voice of the beloved slumberer.

Devoted girl! thy beautiful spirit hath never abandoned me in my weary pilgrimage. Gently and soothingly thou comest to watch over my sleeping pillow—to cheer me amidst the trials of humanity—to mingle thy heavenly sympathies with my joys and sorrows, and to make thy mild reprovals known and felt in the darker moments of existence; in the tempest of passion, and the bitterness of crime. Even now, in the awful calm which precedes the last change in my being; in the cold shadow which now stretches from the grave to the presence of the living, I feel that thou art near me—

"Thyself a pure and sainted one,
Watching the loved and frail of Earth."

Slanderers are like flies that leap over all a man's good parts to light upon his nose.

"Falling in Love."

"FALLING in love!" Oh, thou birth and death of bliss, thou Alpha and Omega of human enjoyment, thou very quintessence of contradiction—where and what art thou that we always arrive at thee by a fall!

"Falling in love!" Reader, didst thou never ponder upon the expression with all its deep signification? It is motion, then. Love never comes to us—motion downward too. Where is the dream of the poet, and the matin creed of existence, which thrones the little god in the heavens above, and elevates his worshipper to the same glorious height? All evaporated, gentle reader—all gone—sleeping with the thousand bright fancies that hover round the porch of being, but leave us to tread its stony path alone.

A fall! We must move very swift, for we often reach the bottom before aware that we have left the top. *Strange* might be added, but no—it is less strange for some chips of humanity to go down than up. Ah! unfortunate wight, born to be thwarted, crouching at the bottom of the golden wheel, never flatter thyself that no lower gulf gapes for thee! prudence bows in impotence, and calculation fails to insure you against Falling in Love.

Falling! why not walking, creeping, climbing—then one might look about a little; but a fall! oh, ye powers—who can tell the finis of a fall? what bumps and scratches and battering and bruising; eternal scars and cureless wounds, broken limbs and bended head, to say nothing of mental damages—Heaven save us from falling in love! Year after year have we trod the path of life with cautious steps and palpitating heart, turning a deaf ear to the syren song and a closed eye to the sparkling snare, till, as a youngster maliciously observed the other day, we shall soon be so blind and deaf in reality as to not be worth catching. But alack! is age a safeguard? look at the grey-headed falling daily. Is wisdom? see statesmen and soldiers—what tact can apply, or what wisdom avoid undefined, unlocated love, only known by its effects. What confusion! only imagine one of your star-gazing, eagle-eyed sons of fire stopped in his career by this immeasurable, unmentionable abyss, vortex, whirlpool—this land and water trap. His Mars eclipsed by Venus—aircastles vanishing—schemes frustrated—thought uproar, and every beautiful theory of independence playing Scylla and Charybdis round; what pity 'tis this viewless point could not be visible, and pity 'tis, gentle reader, that people cannot walk in Love. Then all this confusion might be avoided—no loggerheads cracking together in their descent, Sapphos no more be driven to desperation, and Antonys might retreat in time to save a crown.

"Falling in Love!" Mademoiselle, they say, has facilities for remounting:—keep thy wisdom, fair one, it is more than

equalled by thy lordly compeer. Nevertheless, Reader, for our own special case, we have a dreadful presentiment, that once fairly in, we never could get out; perchance terror and the mighty mystery which envelopes the whole affair, may magnify the danger—indeed, we have at times had strong thoughts of courting the worst, plunging in over head and ears, and daring fate—but alas! fate's frown in the shape of Love, is not to be trifled with, reader. Snares are yawning round us, thousands are gone, are going, and forever will go, down. And should we once get in, and then, indeed, be fairly unable to get out again. Ah! Heaven save us from "Falling in Love!"

The Effect of Cool and Steady Courage.

Several years ago, when the South of Ireland was, as it has ever been within my memory, in a disturbed state, a gentleman advanced in years lived in a retired country-house. He was a bachelor, and, whether trusting to his supposed popularity, or imagining that the general alarm among the gentry was groundless, he continued in his lonely mansion long after their neighbors had quitted theirs for a safer residence in town. He had been indisposed for several days, and on the night he was attacked had taken supper in his bedroom, which was on the ground floor, and near the parlor, with which it communicated. The servants went to bed; the house was shut up for the night, and the supper tray, with its appurtenances, by a providential oversight, was forgotten in the old man's chamber.

Some hours after he had retired to bed, he was alarmed at hearing a window lifted in the outer apartment; his chamber door was ajar, and the moon shone brilliantly through the open casement, rendering objects in the parlor distinct and perceptible to any person in the inner room.—Presently a man leaped through the window, and three others followed him in quick succession. The old gentleman sprang from his bed, but unfortunately there were no arms in the apartment; recollecting, however, the forgotten supper tray, he provided himself with a case-knife, and resolutely took his stand behind the door. He had one advantage over the murderers; they were in full moonlight, and he shrouded in impenetrable darkness.

A momentary hesitation took place among the party, who seemed undecided as to which of them should first enter the dark room; for, acquainted with the localities of the house, they knew well that there the devoted victim slept. At last one of the villains cautiously approached, stood for a moment, in the doorway, hesitated, and then advanced a step. Not a whisper was heard; a breathless silence reigned around, and the apartment before him was dark as the grave itself. "Go on, blast

ye! What the devil are ye afeard of?"—said the rough voice of an associate behind; he took a second step, and the old man's knife was buried in his heart. No second thrust was requisite, for with a deep groan the robber sank upon the floor.

The obscurity of the chamber, and the sudden destruction caused by that deadly thrust, prevented the ruffians in the outer room from knowing the fate of their companion. A second presented himself, crossed the threshold, stumbled against his dead associate, and received the old man's knife in his bosom. The wound, though mortal, was not so fatal as the other, and the ruffian had strength to ejaculate, that he was a dead man.

Instantly, several shots were fired, but the old gentleman's position sheltered him from the bullets. A third assassin advanced, levelled a long fowl-piece through the door-way, and actually rested the barrel against the old man's body. The direction, however, was a slanting one, and with admirable self-possession he remained steady until the ball passed him without injury; but the flash from the gun unfortunately disclosed the place of his ambush.

Then commenced a desperate struggle. The robber, a powerful, athletic ruffian, closed, and seized his victim around the body. There was no equality between the combatants with regard to strength; and, although the old man struck often and furiously with his knife, the blows were ineffectual, and he was thrown heavily on the floor, with the murderer above him.—Even then, at that awful moment, his presence of mind saved this heroic gentleman. He found that the blade of the knife had turned, and he contrived to straighten it upon the floor. The ruffian's hands were already upon his throat; the pressure became suffocating. An accidental movement of his body exposed the murderer's side; the old man struck with his remaining strength a deadly blow; the robber's grasp relaxed, and with a yell of mortal agony he fell dead across his exhausted opponent.

Horror-struck by the death-shriek of their comrades, the banditti wanted courage to enter that gloomy chamber, which had been already fatal to so many. They poured an irregular volley in, and, leaping through the open window, ran off, leaving their lifeless companions behind.

Lights and assistance came presently; the chamber was a pool of gore, and the old man, nearly in a state of insensibility, was covered with the blood, and encompassed by the breathless bodies of his intended murderers. He recovered, however, to enjoy for years his well-won reputation, and to receive from the Irish viceroy the honor of knighthood, which never was conferred before upon a braver man.

Raphael, the artist, deservedly called the "Divine," whose productions astonish and delight the world, lived only 37 years.

HUMOROUS.

Dicky Dout.

Richard Dout, known to his familiars by the less respectful, but certainly more affectionate title of Dicky Dout, is one of those unfortunate creatures, of whom there are many in every metropolis, who possess fine feelings, and very susceptible susceptibilities, the peculiar temperament of which is generally understood to constitute genius, and that fine organization which runs the head of its owner against every stone wall, and in every fire. There is in this race a strong affinity for 'looped and window raggedness,' and a stronger tendency to spiritualizing the grosser particles of the frame with alcohol. Their sympathetic souls must have elbow room, and they can find *veritas* no where but *in vino*. Dout possessed these attributes in great perfection. Though belonging to no higher order of society than that itinerant band termed by the profane 'the loafers,' Dout has a mind considerably bigger than a pin, and more troublesome than ever was a tin kettle to an unlucky hound. That property has made him a ruminating animal. He toils not, nor does he spin aught but his own peculiar philosophy, save, indeed, when he is working out the 'thirty days' oftentimes inflicted upon him by the municipal head of the city, for aberrations from the path chalked out by ordinance.

One evening, not long since, Dout might have been seen sitting on a fire plug, by moonlight, alone, pained with sensibility.

'I wish I was a pig,' said Dout, with a sigh; 'there's some sense in being a pig what's fat. They haven't got no clothes to put on of cold mornings, ven they gets up, and they don't have to be darning and patching their old pants; they don't wear no old hats on their heads, nor have to beg people for 'em. Cold wittles is plenty for pigs. My eyes! if I was a pig, it would be tantamount to nothing with me, who was president. But then, after all, pigs has their troubles like humans. Constables catches 'em, dogs bites 'em, and pigs are almost as done over suckers as men.'

'My good friend,' said a Charley, 'you had better put on your skates, and turtle. Save your bacon at once.'

'Go away, white man. It's easy enough to say turtle; but where's a fellow to turtle to? Pigs aint got to turtle after sun down.'

'Who's a pig? I'm the law, a walking about on my two trotters. 'Twig my badge! I'll take you up for contempt of court, sonny, and put you on a cold water regimen. I'll put you where the dogs wont bite you, if you come for to go to sass the constitution. I aint been to town meetings, and read the newspapers for nothing. Mind your eye!'

'Mister Court,' observed Dout, in a deprecatory tone, 'I twiggs you wery respectfully. I've been tuck up by you afore.

I've been made an example of more times than I've got fingers and toes. But, Mr. Court, this here is a hard case. I try to mosey through the world without saying nothing to nobody. I endeavors to paddle my tub down the gutter without bumping the curb-stone, and every now and then I bumps agin a Charley, and gets upso't.'

'But why don't you go home, and go to bed, when you are corned, and you can't see out of your eyes?'

'I can't find myself in houses and beds, and find my carcass too, to put in 'em.—Loafing is dull at this season of the year; fips and levies are not as plenty as snow-balls; but, talking of snow-balls, I wish I was a nigger.'

'As how?'

'Vy, nobody vill buy a white man; but a buck nigger is worth the slack of two or three hundred dollars. I don't believe there is so much money, but they say so; and, if I had a pot of blacking and brushes, I'd give myself a coat, and go and hang myself up for sale in the Jarsey market, like a froze 'possum.'

'Dout, if you don't quit this here sort of thing, they'll put you in the plenipotentiary. There's no two ways about that. If you was to do what you say—s'posing you was—wouldn't you be nabbed for kidnapping a white feller under false pretences? Wouldn't it be stealing under trust, and wouldn't the clerk of the market s'quester you for being unwholesome provisions?—Dout, you are no better than a Turk; you wouldn't mind sassing the mayor; and it is my bounden duty to lug you off your perch.'

Richard yielded himself to the stern grip of authority; for, to say the truth, the prospect of warning himself at the watch-house obscured the ills of the 'thirty days,' which lowered gloomily beyond. Thus the thirsty tipler takes the pleasant glass, forgetful of the morning headache, and thus joys at hand ever veil their consequences. He was in due time escorted to the police office, sentenced, and committed. His last aspiration—and it was fraught with the sorrows of a laden heart—was, 'O, I wish I was a pig, 'cause they aint got to go to jail.'

The Literary Journal.

EDITED BY WM. H. SURLIDGE.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1835.

A few weeks since we perpetrated a paragraph commendatory of Spring. We 'take it all back' now. We are heartily ashamed and vexed that we ever wrote, said, or thought a syllable in its favor. The ungrateful jade! Since we 'puffed' the coquette, she has been all frowns and tears. She smiles now while we are writing this paragraph, but we are not to be so easily gulled again. Beautiful spring, forsooth! It is the most villainous season in the whole year, and he who can lisp a word in its defence must be a more arrant flatterer than ever bowed at the beck of eastern monarch. It is not pleasant to find fault with any

thing, least of all with the weather—but we have suffered too much from its caprice, in body, mind and estate, to have a particle of patience left.—Reader, if you think us unduly fretful, do not pronounce judgement upon us, until the rain and snow and sleet and winds of another spring have given you an excruciating tooth-ache—and when you have endured it for three weeks, feeling that every nerve in your system is on fire and your jaw bored through with a dozen red-hot irons—then condemn us if you will, but zounds! if you don't know how to pity us, you will be more or less than human.

Remains of J. O. Rockwell.—We learn from the Boston Pearl, that the remains of this young poet, which since his death have found a quiet resting-place in a tomb belonging to a citizen of Cranston, are about to be removed to a nameless and unmarked grave. Mr Pray pertinently asks if the many admirers of Rockwell's genius will allow this? and invites all who are so disposed to confer with him relative to the erection of a suitable monument to his memory. There are thousands who have read and admired the productions of the perished bard, who would esteem it a privilege to be permitted to contribute for so laudable an object, and we trust that as Mr Pray has taken the matter in hand he will not let it rest until the desired object shall be accomplished. Those who thus unite to honor departed worth and genius, confer honor upon themselves and add to their country's fame.

Journal, by Frances Anne Butler.—This long-talked-of, long-expected and long-promised work has at length made its appearance. We have not had time to give it a thorough perusal, but having dipped somewhat largely into the first volume, are doubtless as well prepared to review the whole as the majority of critics are who never read more than the title-page of the work they purpose to review. In Mrs Butler's Journal we have found much to please us, much to make us laugh, but nothing as yet that we can find it our heart to be severe upon, save an occasional indelicacy of expression, which, however proper it may be in an actress, is inexcusable in a lady. She writes in an easy, slipshod, flippancy style—strikes out occasionally a very beautiful thought—but is seldom serious for half a page. Certainly the 'dear public' cannot be greatly interested to know how often or when Miss Fanny worked on her night-cap—how many articles of the kind she made—what dresses she wore—how much she 'dawdled,' and danced, and 'potted.'—With such nonsensical twaddle the greater part of the first fifty pages is filled. No one need take offence at it, for it can injure no one, and as the book has a good run, the printer and the publisher may reap some benefit, even though there be nothing added to our national literature. In piquancy—in humor—in minute and graphic description, and in biting sarcasm, Mrs Butler is far inferior to Mrs Trollope. This, perhaps, might be expected—for Mrs Trollope had the spur of disappointed hopes and blighted projects to quicken her asperity and rouse her naughty feelings; while Fanny Kemble had her hopes of gain more than realized, for she not only gained a fortune for her father, but a husband for herself, and has condescended to make her abiding place in this land of 'bugs' and 'democrats.' More anon.

The absence of the editor must be the apology for the delay of the present number, and for the paucity of editorial matter.

Correspondents will exercise a little patience. They shall be attended to in our next. T.'s manuscript is mislaid—will he furnish us with another copy?

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

Written after visiting the splendid Diorama of Belshazzar's feast, at Niblo's Garden, New-York City.

SELSDON and pomp and beauty! all we dream
Of glorious or vast is gathered there,
Column on column piled, and towers that seem
To rise unlimited through upper air,
Now hid in gloom, now gleaming fiercely bright,
With their magnificence of mingled clouds and light.

Far as the eye can reach, in massive strength
Pillars of marble, wrought with costly skill,
Stretch through the vast halls' broad and crowded
length,
Range after range, in matchless splendor still,
And smoke of incense from the lamps of gold
In soft and waving wreaths, like mist, around them
rolled.

And down the splendid aisles the feast is spread,
And motley throngs around the tables crowd,
And the veined marble gleaming overhead
But now has rung to myriad harps, that loud
Swelled their rich burden from the balconies
Where rarest orient flowers bend sighing to the breeze.

That broad ascent upleading to the throne,
Crowded with breathing forms of priest and sage,
And woman's melting outline, and the lone
And jewelled satraps, princes of the age,
How clear and vast it rises on the sight,
Of Persia's choicest marble, gray and veined with
white—

And the proud canopy above it all,
With columns wrought of brass, and architrave
Sculptured and crowned, and lamps whereon do fall
Drops of the purest incense, which the wave
And mount and wood of Araby afford,
Rising above the throne and gleaming from the board.

High in the bending heaven, amid the blue
And beautifully dark expanse, that shows
Calm and serene behind the clouds, the new
And crescent moon, like a sweet spirit goes,
As if in sorrow she forebore to cast
Her modest light upon the revel as she past.

The feast is up—but wherefore this amaze,
Cheeks pale with terror, brows in wonder raised;
Yon goblet cast before the royal dais,
And royalty itself, which but now blazed
In all the scornful pride of power untamed,
Shrinking with horror back—trembling—abashed—
ashamed?

Yon dark-browed sage
With the long furrows on his cheek and brow,
And that majestic comeliness of age
That crowns his temples pale, and sweeping flow
Of locks ensilvered with the flight of years,
What solemn, deep surprise gleams through his start-
ing tears!

The purple couches stand before the throne,
Yet all deserted by the forms that held
Their places at the banquet, and alone
The gleaming board remains where lately swelled
The sound of merry words, and melting eyes
Deepened and flashed around in beauty's loveliest
dyes.

Majestic o'er the prostrate group that now
Bends at his feet or gathers round his forms,
The prophet stands, like light upon his brow
The kindling inspiration gleams, his arm
Upraised and stretched towards the eastern wall—
Behold the wonder there to weaken and appal!

Burning upon the marble's polished front,
Mid the strange glare that quivers as it beams,
Not traced in characters those eyes are wont
To look upon, the untold writing gleams.

And as the prophet's lips unfold their sense
All other sounds are hushed in terrible suspense.

All eyes are on it, every ear is bent
To catch each syllable that solemnly
Falls from his lips thus strangely eloquent,
Gleams from his brow and lightens in his eye!
Well may they list—the avenger on his path
Already gathers here his storm of fiercest wrath!

THE SPIRIT-BROKEN.

Oh mind not the tear
That is dimming my eye,
And when I shall weep
Oh ask me not why.
Thou rememberest once
When my spirits were gay,
When hope filled my bosom,
And joy cheer'd my way,
The world was all lovely
And bright to my view,
For love was unchanging,
And friendship was true.
Bright dreams of the future
Came at midnight's still hours,
And my vision the saddest
Was sunshine and flow'rs.
But mind not the tear
That is filling my eye,
And when I shall weep
Oh, ask me not why!

For a charge hath come over
This spirit of mine,
And the pleasures it loved
It was forced to resign.
Unwept unlamented,
They passed not away,
For my heart to them clung
Like the spirit to clay.
The world proffers pity
And sighs insincere,
But feels not how deadly
The sorrow that's here;
I ask of it silence
On all that is gone,
For the spirit that's broken
Would fain weep alone.

In the cells of my heart
Let the canker-worm feed,
'Twill lessen the time
That this bosom must bleed.
Then, mind not the tear
That is filling my eye,
And when I shall weep
Oh, ask me not why! E. W. H. E.

Brockport.

STANZAS.

I would not give the pain I feel
At friendship's parting hour,
For all the gold of wealthy Ind,
And all a monarch's power;
If in its place a selfish ease
Must calm the troubled mind,
And crush the noblest part of man—
Affection for his kind.

To some, a cold indifference gives
That peace of mind they prize,
For all their pleasure, all their pain,
In selfish feeling lies.
But give me gain if pain must then,
On friendship's course attend—
I'll take the evil with the good
And love a generous friend.

Union College, May 1, 1835.

THE LIFE-MOWER.

BY C. W. DENISON.

How busy is the scythe of God
Amid the paths that we have trod!
How has his arm, with sweeping blow,
Laid in broad swarths our kindred low!
Here—there—the field of life around—
In fruitful vale—on breezy mound—
They rise—they bud—they bloom—they die,
And wither 'neath a burning sky!
Dread Mower! may I ever be
Ripe for my life—for death—for Thee;
That when I fall, my soul shall prove
Worthy the garner of Thy love!

SONNET.

Non omnis moriar.
Horat. Lib. iii. Car. lxx.

"I shall not wholly die!" What meant the bard?
We hear the echo of his matchless song,
Which critic time has spared and praised so long.
The Muses all will join that song to guard
While earth exists—but earth will pass away,
Its music and its song will be forgot—
And shall it be the boasting Poet's lot,
To perish with this fleeting earth's last day?
Was this the immortality he sought?
For this did he consume his active days,
To win his fellow creatures' wondering praise,
And to lose all when men to death are brought?
Vain life! more wise my energies I spend
To gain His praise whose years are without end.

P. X.

SALMAGUNDI.

An ignorant plebeian having entered the
apartment where the late Emperor Napo-
leon was shaving himself, when in a little
town in Italy, he said, "I want to see your
great Emperor; what are you to him?"
The Emperor replied, "I shave him."

Boileau being one day visited by an in-
dolent person of rank, who reproached him
with not having returned his first visit—
"You and I," said the satirist, "are upon
unequal terms. I loose my time when I
pay a visit; you only get rid of yours when
you do so."

Man discerneth another's faults easily,
but his own very hardly, because in another's
case his heart is quiet; in his own case,
troubled, and a troubled heart cannot con-
sider what is good.

Great Men.—Going into the company of
great men is like going into the other world,
you ought to stay 'till you're called.

Quarrels.—He that blows the coals in
quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no
right to complain if the sparks fly in his
face.

The Literary Journal,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, BY

WM. H. BURLEIGH,

At One Dollar per annum in advance; One Dollar
and Fifty Cents if payment is delayed three
months, and Two Dollars at the expir-
ation of the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages
are paid, except at the option of the Publisher.
Orders and Communications must be, in all
cases, post paid.

S. S. Riggs, Printer, No. 10, Union-St. Schenectady.